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commonweal

Fiftieth Anniversary Year

FRANCES MOORE LAPPE

THE WORLD FOOD PROBLEM

RICHARD J. NEUHAUS

THE POLITICS OF HUNGER

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SISYPHUS MEMBER OF THE SENATE **MICHAEL NOVAK** LIBERAL NEGLECT **ALAIN WOODROW** ASSASSINATION IN SPAIN **COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.** THE LATE CHARLIE CHAPLIN **MICHAEL ZUCKERMAN** FRATERNAL AMERICA **MICHAEL McCAULEY** DAMIEN **BRUCE COOK** CHICAGO

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NEWS & VIEWS

A Priest Leaves

Peter Hebblethwaite's announcement that he plans to resign from the priesthood did not set off the shockwaves in Britain that the Charles Davis announcement did several years ago. But, then, there was of course no announcement about quitting the church. Also, Hebblethwaite's status was not Davis'.

Nevertheless, the Hebblethwaite announcement did cause wide talk, and Catholic journals were compelled to comment editorially. Following is the statement of *The Tablet* of London:

"The first reaction on learning of a friend and collaborator in this paper deciding to leave the priesthood after years of devoted and very fruitful service, is one of sadness at a great loss to his chosen sector of the Church's life. Next one may hope and pray that Peter Hebblethwaite's future activities may be fruitful in another part of the vineyard, for laborers like him are hard to come by.

"There will be those of course who will rejoice that people whom they regard as dangerous progressives will lose their influence in the official Church. These would prefer to see a Church reduced in numbers, bound by strict ideas of conformity, maintaining a drill book religion at whatever cost in defection and disillusion that this may involve. It is not the way of Christ living in his universal Church which is on earth for the salvation of all mankind, in an infinite variety of human and spiritual condition.

"Gone are the days, quite recent, when the opprobrious term 'spoilt priest' was commonly used, or the situation dramatized in a brilliant French film *Le Défroqué* of some 20 years ago. We have come to realize that any moment, any day, may be one for decision and fresh dedication; and that the habits and beliefs of a lifetime may have to be overturned albeit with agonizing effect; that not one of us is in a position to cast the first stone of slander or in a sense of superiority.

"In the last two years the Vatican has brought in new measures, conciliatory and reflecting human understanding, regulating the laicization of priests. Our duty is to respond with generosity towards those who apply these rules to themselves in all loyalty to the Church."

Policing Corporations

The *Wall Street Journal* gave front-page space to a coalition of Protestant and Catholic organizations that plan to file shareholder resolutions with nine major corporations compelling them to disclose "where minorities and women are in the company job ladder."

The companies being challenged are Ford Motor Co., General Electric Co., General Motors Corp., Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., International Business Machines Corp., Kraftco Corp., Polaroid Corp., Sears, Roebuck & Co. and Xerox Corp.

The challenges do not necessarily imply that the corporations have poor equal-opportunity policies, but several of them are under government scruitiny in connection with equal-employment and as long as that detail is being looked into, the church groups think it a good time to check on the minority and sexist angles.

Instituting the action are the National Council of Churches, the Unitarian-Universalist Association, the Domestic and Foreign Missionaries Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Central Presbyterian Church of New York City, the American Baptist Home Mission Societies, the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., the women's division of the United Methodist Church and the national division of the same organization.

The specific companies were chosen, a NCC spokesman said, partly because the church groups own stock in them.

Altar Servers

A Westchester parish's attempt to introduce female altar servers was terminated by the New York Chancery, which reminded the pastor, posthaste, that "the traditional liturgical norms of the church prohibit women (young girls, married women, Religious) from serving the priest at the altar, even in chapels of women's homes, convents, schools and institutes."

Whereupon a woman parishioner, a law student of Columbia, proposed a remedy on behalf of a number of people of the parish:

"The solution . . . is simply to eliminate altar servers as we know them and to substitute a more congregation-oriented service at Mass. The extent of the functions assumed at Mass by the assembly would be determined only by the limitations imposed on women. Those services which could not be performed by both men and women would not be performed at all. Both adults and children could participate. Certainly we should all be willing to share in the deprivation that women are presently forced to experience. By following this course of action we would be visibly demonstrating, albeit in a limited fashion, our concern for sexism in the Church."

Le Nouvel Observateur/LNS

Odds and Ends

—Richard Nixon's propensity for advertising people (Haldeman, Ziegler, *et al*) persists. His new special assistant for domestic affairs is Kenneth R. Cole, Jr., formerly of the J. Walter Thompson ad agency.

—Forty percent of American adults attended a church or synagogue during a typical week in 1973, according to a new Gallup Poll. This is a decline of nine percentage points since 1958, a decline attributed mainly to a drop in church attendance among Catholics. In 1973, the typical weekly Catholic adult attendance was 55 percent; this compared to 71 percent in 1964.

—CBC-Radio (Canada), Atlantic region, has a Sunday morning program on churches and society named, gulp, "Reaction."

—*Quote of the Week.* The message of a Massachusetts voter to Congressman Robert F. Drinan, S.J.: "If you can't impeach him, exorcise him."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Church of Recife

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Your Dec. 7 article, "Sad Days in Recife," has been haunting me. I was in Brazil the year that Dom Helder's house was machine-gunned and that Padre Henrique was murdered. Since then I have become increasingly aware of Brazilian government suppression of human and political rights.

It seems that the Inquisition is alive and well and at the service of the Nation-State. Intimidation, imprisonment, torture and death are meted out for political and economic heresy. The inquisitional mentality religiously persecutes those "secular" heretics who pursue justice for the oppressed and down-trodden. It damns them as "subversives" and "Communists." Who canonized "Capitalism" as the only acceptable economic orthodoxy?

The death and resurrection of the Church of Recife is both sad and hopeful. A Church that is authentically concerned with the poor—not only by preaching but by life-style—bears the unmistakable stamp of Christ the Liberator.

As a member of the World Commission on Justice and Peace of the renewed lay movement, Christian Life Communities, I am aware of hopeful signs in many countries—an exodus of the People of God from slavery to power, affluence and the status-quo to a growing identification with the poor and oppressed. This mustard-seed of renewal is small but it is a promising sign of a renewed understanding of Christian presence and mission in the world.

BETTY LEONE
Chairman, Justice and
Peace Commission,
Christian Life Communities, U.S.A.

Woodstock Redux

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: In your editorial, "A

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THE PEACE AND OIL

By the traditional measurements of contending armies, duration of hostilities and altering of international boundaries, the Yom Kippur War would not rank as one of the major wars in history, the tragic loss of life on both sides notwithstanding. Yet in the short months since that war began, one which now reaches its uneasy settlement, it is apparent that the effect has been to shift historical balances in the fashion of a major war involving superpower nations. The world is quite a different place from what it was before last Yom Kippur—and not just for participants, but for supporters of the contending forces and for bystanders alike. Nor is there likely to be any return to the status quo of yesterday.

Israel emerges from the conflict on a negotiating basis with hitherto aloof Arab neighbors and on terms that leave it, at least temporarily, in the Sinai—but with the sobering realization that it has only two really solid friends in the entire family of nations, with only one of these in a position to help it militarily. The Arab nations emerge with a new consciousness of their compatriotism, but, more particularly, with the discovery that their oil provides them with a weapon mightier than arms; they now know unmistakably from their war-inspired boycott that they have it in their power to cripple economies and grind vast areas of the world to a halt mechanically. Thus, because of the need for oil, the war leaves countries like the U.S. with some sobering worries about their vulnerabilities to Arab wish and whim. Vulnerabilities vary, of course, according to dependence on Arab oil, but they are real even where the dependence is small.

All of this makes for a nervous future, beginning for Israel. It is apparent that the Arabs are prepared to use oil in the future, as they did in the immediate past, for military and diplomatic leverage. This poses a direct threat to Israel's survival as a nation, and responsible nations of the world must see to it that that survival is not traded or jeopardized by their thirst for oil. At the same time they must see to it that oil does not become a commodity for those alone who can pay the now-stiff asking price. Such a policy would only widen the gap between the developed and underdeveloped world, and aggravate an already scandalous imbalance

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between rich nations and poor. An early sample of the intolerable situation that could develop was the Jan. 23 vote in the House of Representatives denying our appropriation to the World Bank, partially because some of that money might find its way to the coffers of Arab countries through the purchase of oil; the fund had been earmarked for the world's poorest countries, who, of course, need oil for their development.

The international energy conference to be held this month in Washington would seem to provide an ideal opportunity for oil-consuming countries to formulate a policy that would lift them above their individual and/or collective interests. But the weeks before the conference's convening do not convey much reassurance. France, Japan, Italy and Britain are scrambling to get for themselves what they can on their own terms, and the U.S. seems to have no goal beyond ending the boycott. Hopefully, enlightenment will settle on the participants, but as the conference nears it is hard not to be pessimistic that ancient self-interests will not prevail.

* * *

In the context of oil, it is gratifying to see Congress at last probing the big American oil companies. There is something radically out of whack when, on a six-percent volume rise, oil companies can run up profits of 46 percent; when a multi-billion dollar corporation like Gulf can get off with paying only two percent in U.S. taxes; when, in an energy-crisis situation, a corporation like Exxon can register quarterly profits of 59 percent from over a year ago. President Nixon has moved to curtail Big Oil "from making an unconscionable profit out of this crisis." Although that gesture comes with unconvincing grace from one whose financial dealings reveal a propensity to score some unconscionable profits of his own, it is welcome. It is now up to Congress to build on the Nixon recommendations, predictably weak, and end the oil companies' rip-off of the Treasury and the American people, imposing assessments as due and bringing their tax structures and exemptions into line with those of other industries.

ANNIVERSARY APPEAL: The back cover in last week's issue consisted of a progress report by the Commonweal Committee of 50. To that date, reported the Committee, $18,334 had been received from 1190 readers. Noting that this meant that the halfway mark has been reached in the Anniversary campaign to raise $35,000, the Committee urged readers who have not yet participated to do so soon. Since that issue was printed, as if to underline the urgency of the appeal, *Commonweal* has been notified of still another substantial increase in the price of the paper on which the magazine is printed, this one due to the energy crisis and one that brings the total increase in the last 9 months to 83 percent. Help from our readers in any amounts will be greatly appreciated. THE EDITORS

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FRANCO SPAIN

AFTER THE ASSASSINATION

The assassination by Basque extremists of Franco's right-hand man and heir presumptive, Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, not only decapitated the Spanish government, but also destroyed the linchpin of a delicate mechanism carefully constructed by the 81-year-old dictator to ensure a smooth passage from the present regime to the post-Franquist era. Although he wasn't a hardline extremist, Carrero Blanco, an old friend and "éminence grise" of Franco, was regarded as the symbol —and instrument—of the 1936 "rising." In fact, it was Franco, and all that he stands for, who was the real target of the attack. It was significant, for example, that the explosion was timed to coincide with the opening of the trial of ten national leaders of the "workers' commissions"— i.e., banned trades unions—which have been struggling for more than ten years to create a real dialogue among the workers, the bosses and the government.

The death of Carrero Blanco shocked the nation, and also proved how strong is Franco's grip on the country. Less than 15 days after the assassination, the new president of the Spanish Council swore allegiance to the *Caudillo*. He is Carlos Arias Navarro, a 65-year-old, who headed the "Direccion General de Seguridad" (National Security Police) from 1957-65, before his nomination last June as Minister of the Interior (in charge of State security) in Carrero Blanco's Cabinet.

He is known for his rigid right-wing views (he considered even Carrero Blanco as too liberal) and for his unconditional loyalty to Franco (he was the only minister imposed on Carrero Blanco by Franco). Few were surprised, therefore, when he made sweeping changes in the Cabinet, maintaining only nine out of the original nineteen ministers. He replaced the Opus Dei clique—technocrats, like the Foreign Minister Laureano Lopez Rodo, who were willing to make certain concessions so

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that Spain might be accepted into the Common Market—by one-hundred-percent Franquists.

As one observer put it cynically, "There are no longer any true Catholics in the government; tomorrow, they will be able, in all tranquility, to imprison, or even execute, those they call 'red priests'." What is certain is that the absence of Christian Democrats in the government will not facilitate Spain's relations with the Vatican. And the abortive blow struck against Franquism will probably produce not only a political but also a religious backlash.

On December 21st, the day after the assassination, the crowd which gathered in the streets of Madrid to watch the funeral procession chanted not only "Franco! Franco!", but also "down with the red priests!" and, more significantly, "down with Tarancon!" The following day, the archbishop of Madrid was insulted again, this time during a memorial Mass for Carrero Blanco, celebrated in the presence of Franco, Prince Juan Carlos and all the members of the government.

The insult came from a leader of the integrist Catholic group, "The Guerrilleros of Christ the King," and in reply Cardinal Tarancon surprised those present by reading an extract from a letter sent him by Admiral Carrero Blanco, who wrote: "I should like you to know, Eminence, that I consider it more important to be a son of the Church than Vice-President of the government." To which the Cardinal added: "We bishops love the Church passionately, and we are ready to serve her at the price of great sacrifices. But we are also Spaniards and we love Spain."

Recently, however, the "conciliar" faction among Spanish Catholics, whether laymen, priests or even bishops, has been increasingly divided in its loyalties: towards the Church or the State. Indeed, relations between the two continue to be strained. In two different dioceses, priests and laymen recently campaigned publicly for the resignation of their bishops, both known for their pro-governmental attitudes; the nunciature in Madrid was occupied for several hours by a hundred demonstrators; several priests set fire to their "ecclesiastical" prison in Zamora—these are just a few of the recent incidents which show the gulf that divides an ever-growing section of the Church from the Franquist regime.

In recent months, Carrero Blanco's government has tried to bridge the gulf by playing the Vatican against the Spanish episcopate. The concordat signed between the Vatican and the Spanish State in 1953 has long been considered obsolete, by both parties, but whereas the conciliar bishops are against the idea of a new concordat and would prefer to draw up limited and temporary agreements with the State on precise questions, the latter is in favor of a new concordat, in the traditional style, to bolster its waning prestige abroad.

Certain circles in the Vatican welcome the idea (Msgr. Casaroli is said to collect concordats like scalps!), and discussions were started in 1969 between Madrid and the Vatican. A copy of one of the first drafts of a possible agreement was leaked to the press, and the matter was shelved until last January, when the then Foreign Minister, Mr. Lopez Bravo, presented the Pope with a letter from Franco containing a long list of his grievances against the Church. Irritated, Paul VI refused to finish reading the letter, and Lopez Bravo is said to have snatched the document from the Pope's hands and finished reading it aloud. To which the Pope answered that in criticizing the Church in Spain, Franco was criticizing the Pope since it was he who was behind the Spanish Church's new attitude to the Franquist regime.

It wasn't until Carrero Blanco made ministerial changes that further developments became possible. Lopez Bravo was replaced as Foreign Minister by the much more subtle Lopez Rodo, an influential member of the Opus Dei, and he was the architect of the various subsequent meetings with Msgr. Casaroli, first in Helsinki (during the meeting on European security) and then in Madrid last November.

Meanwhile, however, Cardinal Tarancon had gone to Rome to defend his point of view. He repeated that the majority of the bishops remain opposed to a new concordat, but added that if the Holy See finally decides to draw up a new one, certain conditions should be guaranteed. Among a list of nine conditions laid down by the bishops: that the State renounce its privilege with regard to the nomination of bishops; that Spain no longer be "officially" considered a Catholic country; that the Church be free to teach, preach, hold meetings and engage in social action; that the episcopal conference be considered as the normal participant in Church/State discussions, etc.

Msgr. Casaroli's visit to Madrid in November implies that the regime's attempt to come to an agreement directly with the Vatican was meeting with some success. Not only was the Vatican's "Minister for Foreign Affairs" received officially by the Spanish government, but he also visited the Archbishop of Toledo, leader of the pro-governmental minority of bishops. He was much photographed in the company of government officials, did a sightseeing tour of Madrid and Toledo and was transported back to Rome in a ministerial plane. Certain critics showed surprise that he didn't find the time to visit a single parish.

But the death of Carrero Blanco has shuffled the cards yet again. The new hardliners brought to power by Arias Navarro seem determined to intensify the repression in Spain: the leaders of the "workers' commissions" received heavy prison sentences, a young anarchist was sentenced to death for killing a policeman (the first death sentence since the Burgos trial in 1970 of six Basque separatists), a Catalan priest, Fr. Xirinacs, has been on

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a hunger strike since the beginning of December to protest against the imprisonment of numerous Christians, including women, and a vast "cleaning-up" operation has been launched in the Basque country, resulting in the arrest of several priests.

The pro-Franquist forces are demanding even more drastic action against the liberals. As one banner proclaimed at Carrero Blanco's funeral, "The real culprits are to be found in the bishops' palaces, in the parishes and libraries." It is probable that the witch-hunting that will inevitably follow Carrero Blanco's assassination will exacerbate the divisions among Spanish Catholics. In the present climate, negotiations for a new concordat would appear doomed—unless the move to the right taken by the Spanish regime is matched by the Spanish episcopate and the Vatican Secretariat of State.

ALAIN WOODROW

(Alain Woodrow, a member of the staff of Informations Catholiques Internationales, *is* Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Paris.)*

WASHINGTON REPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE

The Senator arose by the dawn's early light. Francis Scott Key, he told himself, saw a lot more promising things at daybreak from that damn ship than I see now —or ever may see later today. There may be a lot more white than anything else in the flag that waves today, my friend, he said.

Even before he showered, he took from the bureau the palm-sized schedule card for the day that Melinda, his secretary, had prepared, as she did routinely each evening before each working day.

Nope, it hadn't changed through the night. He was to have breakfast at 8:30 with the pollster, whose preliminary report had been ambiguous. At 10, he would attend the final voting session of the Public Works Committee that for three weeks had been working on a new highway bill. Between those pushy environmentalists with their monthly newsletters and those steely-eyed highway-builder types looking like characters out of the movie *Heat of the Night,* it was like being placed between a rock and a hard place.

Well, let's win one for the Gipper, he told himself as, freshly laundered, he drove down Massachusetts Avenue through the mushy Washington rush-hour traffic. One of those Uriah-Heep types on the Capitol police force waved the Senator's car off 1st Street and into the courtyard of the Old Senate Office Building.

Inside his Senate office the flashy receptionist, too new to Washington to be "blah" in the morning, was working on a paper-cup of coffee while tidying-up brochures in disarray on a small table by the entrance door. Thank God, I'm not from the East or the constituents would already be sitting, as in ambush, waiting for me; love those three-hour time differentials in the morning, the Senator thought. One morning at 8, a constituent of Senator Russell of adjoining Maryland called to ask that a dead dog be removed from in front of his home.

His Administrative Assistant was already marking items in the *Times* and the *Post* for him to read. Those AAs, chief cooks-and-bottle-washers for the Congress—with a bit of the lackey in them. That's not for me, the Senator said, but mine does make real good snow-balls—with or without stones.

The Senator put his briefcase alongside his desk, took off his topcoat and headed for the Members' dining-room in the Capitol.

The pollster, Ed Lambert, was already waiting. Can't read him, the Senator thought, best ease into topic one.

"So Capehart and Prince are quitting at the end of this session," the pollster said. Last week, Capehart had announced he was leaving to embark on a career as an evangelist.

"Yeah, Capehart is going to jingle the tambourine and Prince is going to work the crowd," the Senator said.

Breakfast can last just so long, so the Senator asked, "What gives?"

"Potentially good results," the pollster said.

"Potentially good," the Senator said to himself. Jeez, here I've been 18 years in the Senate and my pollster tells me the voter-attitude poll in my State is "potentially good."

"Give it straight, Ed," the Senator said aloud.

"It stinks," the pollster said.

Name recognition, 94 percent; good-conduct rating, 81 percent; but 61 percent didn't know where the Senator stood on the Watergate Scandals, the energy crisis (which those polled didn't believe in, anyway) and high prices, the three most worrisome issues identified in the poll.

"I'm against scandals, crises and high prices," the Senator said. "I've said so publicly in the State."

"But they want you 'to do something' about 'em," the pollster said. "Thirty-seven percent said you weren't doing anything about these messes—that's a good base for a savvy opponent during a campaign this fall."

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The pollster continued, "All you incumbents in marginal seats are in trouble, regardless of party. It used to be that the voters in State 'A' thought the guys in the Congress from the other states might be crooks or wrong-headed, but the guys they elected to Congress were A-okay. But that's changing. They're lumping good and bad together. They want new faces in public office."

"I suppose I could enter the State backward," the Senator suggested.

"You'd lose for sure, then," the pollster said.

"What should I do?"

"For one thing, put daylight between you and Nixon, even if you do both belong to the same Party."

"My organization people back home would kill me," the Senator said.

"Have you talked to 'em, recently?"

"Not really—not since the August recess," the Senator said, a bit startled by the lapse of time, five months.

"What else?"

"Start working the streets like you were running for town clerk. And make like 'Honest John,' the guy who never stole a freight-car. Bang on the President. The voters may not want him impeached. But even the lip-readers think he's guilty as hell of something."

"Any good news?"

"Yeah, I haven't raised my prices since the last time I polled for you," the pollster said.

What would Doc Van Dellen say about the effects upon a man of a breakfast like that one, the Senator thought as he left the pollster and headed for the Public Works meeting.

He was late. He was always late. He was on time to vote on Election Day, but not much else.

The Committee Chairman nodded a greeting. The Chairman, a son of the Middle South, could usually persuade a bull to have calves, but he was having trouble with the highway bill. Rising gas prices, closed gas stations and other staples of the fuel shortage, real or contrived, had given the urban mass-transit and earth-lovers a joint chance at a successful legislative thrust. They were making a strong effort to alter the federal highway trust fund in order to make its billions of dollars available for mass transit in urban areas, something that the law now prohibited.

Under heavy lobbying, Senators, who had never ridden in less than an 8-cylinder car, were declaiming in recent weeks about the glories of mass-transit—for others, of course. They wouldn't ride it themselves. If nothing else, their wives wouldn't let them. Rich is better, the Senator told himself once again.

A Public Works subcommittee had approved an amendment that would enable highway fund monies to be spent for mass-transit facilities in urban areas. The full Public Works Committee this morning was voting whether to uphold its subcommittee's actions. All other sections of the omnibus highway bill had been approved by the full Committee by the time the Senator arrived—except for the modified highway-trust-fund section. All 14 committee members were present for this one. The highway builders, with the assistance of the White House, had made certain that "their Senators" were present and the mass-transit and environmentalist types had performed similarly.

The Chairman ordered a roll-call. Alphabetically, it went. The vote became 6 to 5 and the Senator would be the last to vote—except for the Chairman. Stout from Arizona voted "Nay." Six to six, now. The Senator looked at his watch and then said "Nay." Six to seven. The Chairman voted "Yea." A tie.

"Let's try that one again," the annoyed Chairman said.

"I want the committee record to show, Mr. Chairman," the Senator said, "that I am changing my vote to 'Yea' on the second vote in order that the full Senate, all 100 members, be allowed an opportunity to work its will on the highway-trust-fund section. My vote does not necessarily mean that I approve the section in its present form."

The Chairman smiled a small smile.

Leaving the Committee room, the Senator smiled at the White House liaison man standing in the adjoining corridor. The liaison man pursed his lips.

The Senator, who during his three terms had walked many a narrow line down the middle of the road, shrugged. Tonight, he'd phone his State Party Chairman to discuss Nixon and political daylight saving time.

SISYPHUS

COMING

GREGORY BAUM writes about the theological questions raised by homosexuality:

"The traditional position on homosexuality is only too well known. Homosexuality has always been rejected as an unnatural vice. . . . In recent years, however, the argument from nature has become somewhat problematic in Catholic theology. The reason for this is not the influence of existentialism or what is sometimes called situation ethics—this represents too individualistic an emphasis to fit into the Catholic tradition—but, rather, the realization, derived from the analysis of culture and society, that what is called human nature has a history and is, in part at least, created by people, their interaction and their symbolic language. Human nature is not simply a given."

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LIBERAL NEGLECT

MICHAEL NOVAK

In 1970, according to the *New York Times*, the number of New Yorkers proclaiming themselves "liberal" was 33 percent and the number proclaiming themselves "conservative" 27 percent. Three years later, those figures are exactly reversed. How did the left lose 6 percent of the voters to the right—almost 20 percent of its own ranks—in so short a time?

Far and away, the number one issue in the minds of New Yorkers is crime. Sixty-seven percent of the citizens so proclaim.

But why on earth should concern about crime count as "conservative"? Why did the left allow that issue to become the property of conservatives?

To be concerned about crime is *not* a sign of right-wing tendencies. Nor is it a sign of diminished concern for social justice. Seventy-nine percent of the blacks, for example, declared crime their number one concern. Fifty-seven percent of all those who call themselves "liberal" declared crime their number one concern.

To be concerned about the integrity of one's own body and the personal rights of free and safe movement in the streets is as basic a civil right as there is. Before there is a civil right to vote, there needs to be a civil right not to be lynched—and not to be mugged, robbed, or physically harassed. Many of the poor, and a good portion of the middle class, have lost this civil right during the last ten years.

The left stands for civil rights, but it has not, alas, been a champion of *this* civil right. A person who is concerned about crime—even if he or she is liberal and black—is considered to be turning "conservative." Blindness!

The *New York Times* for many years contributed to this blindness. It did not report on crime or violence. Such unsavory realities were left to the *Daily News*. As far as readers of the *Times* are concerned (even today), crime is not an important daily reality. (Look for it inside the second section, among other low priority news.) Sixty-seven percent of New Yorkers think differently.

Thus the recent polling done by the *Times* does not, in fact, seem to indicate that New Yorkers are becoming more conservative. It indicates, rather, that the left has been ignoring reality; and that the media define "conservative" and "liberal" in an unreal way. Those who wish to confront the reality of crime—even in the privacy of their personal opinions—are defined as having a "conservative" concern, even if they are, in fact, liberal in this as in other matters.

To overcome its present unreality, the left must make the restoration of bodily integrity and neighborhood safety the number one civil rights issue of the seventies. There are ways to do this apart from racism or code words. Black and Puerto Rican neighborhoods, statistically, suffer worst under the lack of this elementary civil right; but many middle-class whites, especially the elderly, and those who *can't afford to lose what little they* have, have suffered under sufficient terror. The rights of these oppressed ones deserve full defense.

We need not believe that "cracking down" on crime, "getting tough," and other such rhetoric will do the trick. The experts do seem to agree, however, that additional foot patrolmen, and intelligent narcotics investigators, are the single best correctives of high crime rates. Funds for such services might do as much good to raise morale and well-being in the city as any other social welfare funds. Would an additional dollar for more policemen in the streets do as much good as a dollar for welfare checks? It might.

Crime is locatable. It is not everywhere. Eighty percent of all the violent crime in the country is committed in a relatively small number of cities. Within those cities, eighty percent of all violent crime is committed by young males, in fairly circumscribed parts of the city. It is not beyond our intelligence to zero in on specific target areas and find out how to turn the situation around. Many of those young males were not, ten years ago, as violent as now. Crime is not their natural state.

An intelligent approach to the reduction of crime ought to be the first priority of the liberal agenda for the seventies; it is the first priority of the people. Without accomplishing it, nothing else the left does will be credible.

How can the left say it wants equality for minorities, for example, and then ignore the lack of physical safety among those minorities? Black and Puerto Rican politicians and their people are far more honest and clear about this priority than those more affluent liberals who can really change matters, because they have the power, money, access to the media, and skill.

There is a larger lesson. The liberals and radicals of the sixties—I include myself—did not analyze correctly the distorting effect the media have upon our political perception. Again and again, what the media presented as real turned out to be faddish, superficial, like grass in sandy soil, *viz.*, the "greening" of America, the death of God, white backlash, counterculture, resistance. Television is a relatively new factor in the formation of our sense of reality. How to discount it, how to hold it in check, how to oppose its definition of reality without falling into fanaticism—all these are problems the left has not solved. The more intelligent journalists have been sympathetic to the left; the left is, to that extent, vulnerable to deception.

Hunter Thompson reports in *Fear*

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THE WORLD FOOD PROBLEM

FRANCES MOORE LAPPE

Natural causation, economic imbalance or overpopulation?

Historically, people have tried to deny their own culpability for mass human suffering by assigning responsibility to external forces beyond their control. For example, the Black Death was in large measure the result of a particular organization of society: a society that brought people together in commercial cities where it could not extend sanitation to the masses, and deforested the countryside, sending plague-laden rodents into these cities. Nevertheless, the Black Death was pronounced "Divine retribution" by the Church. Today the causes of world hunger are similarly misattributed. Current widespread climatic disasters have made it especially easy to accept natural forces as the sufficient reason for starvation.

If we accept the conclusion of many contemporary analysts that the world faces a "Malthusian food-population squeeze," then persons are indeed blameless. According to this analysis, world food problems are a function of the finite limits of Earth's resources, the vagaries of climate and an inexorable rate of population growth—all "natural" agencies, not human ones. Our response to this diagnosis is inevitably one of resignation to the apparent truth that there is simply "not enough to go around." Only if this apersonal model is true, are we freed from having to confront the human role in generating and sustaining a "world food problem." My contention is that world hunger is now, above all, a political and economic problem to which we directly contribute.

What Malthus neglected to appreciate in the late 18th century was that economic imbalance, not numbers of people, would come to place the greatest burden on the earth's productive capacity. He failed to foresee the enormous economic gap between the rich minority and the poor majority—a condition in which any agricultural abundance that the world could produce could just as readily be consumed by the rich minority. But then, how could Malthus have foreseen that the world would become so economically imbalanced that it would eventually be to the advantage of the rich to concentrate the world's agricultural resources on feeding animals, not people?

Today we currently feed at least 85 percent of all of our corn, barley, oats and grain sorghum, and over 90 percent of our nonexported soybean crop to livestock. We feed about 42 percent as much wheat to animals in this country as we eat ourselves, plus large quantities of wheat germ and bran. Altogether, close to one-half of our agricultural acreage is now devoted to crops fed to livestock. But in addition to this plant food, American livestock are fed hundreds of thousands of tons of fishmeal and over one million tons of milk products each year.

Global figures make it even clearer that we now minimize the earth's capacity to sustain us. Consider for a moment that: 1) the rich minority of the world feeds as much grain to animals as the whole rest of humanity eats directly; 2) there is as much protein in oilseeds, that for the most part go to livestock, as there is in all the meat protein humanity consumes;

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and 3) nearly half of all the fish caught in the world, containing protein as good as meat, is fed to livestock.

Thus there is apparently no end to the capacity of today's rich to "economically" use up the world's "surplus" agricultural resources. A diabolical device for coping with a surfeit of grain would be to create a machine which could shrink grain volume while at the same time converting it into a highly saleable commodity. The American steer has been converted into just such a device. This animal can take 21 pounds of inexpensive grain protein and reduce it to one pound of expensive meat protein. The rate of livestock protein consumption has increased dramatically in the last twenty years, especially through the use of gigantic feedlots where steer can eat about 10 times more grain and about seven times more high protein feed each month than they could as primarily range-fed animals. But the American people have contributed: our per capita beef consumption has doubled in the last 20 years.

Perhaps we can excuse Malthus for not foreseeing that livestock would be transformed from their historical role as efficient converters of non-edible substances into high-quality protein—to become the protein reducers, relieving the economies of the rich from the burden of seeming glut. But how do we excuse ourselves? Cultural myths have come to the service of economic realities so that we now can believe that we indeed *need* meat at every meal. (In fact we could completely eliminate meat and poultry and still get enough protein from all the other protein foods which we currently eat.)

A Question of Priorities

What appears then as a problem of scarcity is actually a reflection of the uneven worldwide distribution of economic power. Extreme global inequities in the ability of nations to make demands on world food resources have made possible this pattern of highly inefficient resource use by the rich minority. But of course scarcity is also a function of the level of agricultural development, specifically (as we are now witnessing it) the vulnerability of an agricultural system to climatic disaster. But such agricultural "vulnerability" itself is a reflection of the priorities of the political and economic system.

In the last year, for example, both India and China faced similar drought conditions. In India fifty million people have faced famine; in China no one has feared starvation. The reasons for this discrepancy are not hard to discern: in Maharashtra, one of the hardest hit of the Indian states, the proportion of irrigated crops has increased by only 1½ percent in the last 25 years. Fifty-seven irrigation schemes that might have avoided this catastrophe were stalled for up to eight years for political and economic reasons. To date only 3 percent of India's known water reserves have been tapped. Moreover, since new "miracle" strains of grain (now used on 33 percent of India's wheat acreage and 15 percent of her rice acreage) require a greater amount of water than traditional varieties, crop yields are now more dependent on the willingness and ability of the economic and political system to provide the necessary irrigation.

China, on the other hand, has given top priority to water control for the last twenty years, with intense construction beginning in 1963. In eight years 1,700 miles of the Hai River bed were re-opened or broadened. Thirty-five reservoirs which can store 106 billion cubic meters of water were built in the mountains. In addition, hundreds of thousands of wells have been bored to reach the underground water of the plains.

In this comparison the difference between adequacy and famine is not climatic events but the commitment of the political system to basic agricultural development for the majority. And here the key phrase must be "for the majority." For increased agricultural output itself does not mean the eradication of hunger. Two years ago the Green Revolution economists feared a "rice glut." Several Asian countries had "surplus" grain for export; but hunger was still widespread. The coexistence of "surplus" and hunger proves again the all too obvious truth that hunger is less the fault of nature than the result of an inequitable political and economic system, a system which makes it impossible for the hungry majority to buy the so-called "surplus."

But if hunger is not the result of external natural forces, then isn't it still a product of humanity's "natural," and apparently uncontrollable rate of increase that has pushed its numbers beyond the capacity of the earth? Certainly, with the world's population expected to double in the next generation, it could not long be true that there is enough to go around—even if the world's food production were distributed equitably and used efficiently. At our present land/person ratio of one acre of arable land per individual, we are reaching the limit of the earth's capacity. But this fact makes it even more imperative that we stop wasting precious time in a confused diagnosis of the problem of hunger. Hunger is not a result of current population pressures. Both rapid population growth and hunger are the reflection of the failure of a political and economic system. Neither can be solved without overall improvement in: 1) health care to reduce infant mortality and the resulting need for many births; 2) education to make fertility control understandable and widen life-goals beyond the family; 3) communication to make society-wide purposes realistic; 4) employment opportunity for both men and women to increase personal security; and 5) basic agricultural development and concomitant land income redistribution to give the ma-

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jority a real stake in economic development. Thus, to label population growth as a cause of world hunger and to single it out for direct attack is a tragic illusion. The only way both can be solved is through political and economic change—the alleviation of world poverty.

While the commitment of a political and economic system to this basic development for the poor would seem to be an internal matter over which Americans have no control, we do, in fact, play a part. In 1973 the United States allotted $9.5 billion to military assistance to 64 countries. Twenty-five of these recipient nations are governed by the military or allow no opposition to the government. In many of these twenty-five the poor majority are actually worse off than they were a decade ago. This same American money could be going, for example, to reimburse landlords in land redistribution programs where inequitable and inefficient land-holding patterns stand as a major obstacle to agricultural development.

But being realistic, the truth is that no matter how just the economic system, no matter how committed the political system to the welfare of the masses, something else is needed for agricultural development: money. Foreign exchange is crucial if tractors, fertilizers, irrigation equipment and materials for agricultural research laboratories are to be purchased. For the poor world even to acquire the necessary foreign exchange for these modest goals would mean a significant redistribution of world economic power.

However, unilateral American monetary decisions, such as the recent dollar devaluations, have been made with no thought to their impact on the economies of the poor countries. Losses suffered in the dollar component of the reserves of the poor countries by the first devaluation alone amounted to nearly one billion dollars. Where possible, the United States has tried to block the poor countries from recouping these losses through increases in the prices of their agricultural commodities. And, in current negotiations to reform the international monetary system, the United States is attempting to prevent the proposed new reserve unit, Special Drawing Rights, from being used to help the foreign exchange position of the poor world.

Our record in commercial relations with the poor world is no better than our monetary record. To increase its foreign exchange earnings, the poor world would have to be allowed to increase the export of those agricultural commodities in which they have a comparative advantage. However, at least one-half of the primary exports from the poor countries are not given free access to markets in the rich countries. Even more important, poor countries would have to be allowed to process more of their own commodities because higher profits can be made in the processing for export than in the export of raw materials. Here again the poor countries are at a disadvantage because our tariffs increase with the level of processing.

So our contribution to the world food problem includes not only our support of a highly imbalanced world economic system that converts adequacy into scarcity but, in addition, our military, monetary and commercial impact on the poor world.

The recent climatic changes which resulted in increased demand for our agricultural surplus might inadvertently have been a first step out of this pattern by at least helping us see how wasteful and unnecessary our current diet is. More ominously, it might reinforce a false sense of scarcity and cause us to want to insulate ourselves further from the demands of those in greater need (witness the virtual elimination of the food available to relief agencies and the brief embargo on our soy export!).

It would be a tragedy indeed if the current world food crisis were taken to confirm the false notion that the problem of world hunger is now rooted in a contest between all mankind and the vagaries of nature. The reality of the situation is that world hunger is a life and death contest between the hungry majority of humanity and a scarcity-producing economic system sustained by the rich minority.

PAUL PETRIE

OLD WOMAN SEWING

One light in the room—arched dimly
over her head—

As over a child's cradle she bends,
her hands
feeding the cloth in smoothly.

Her neck strains. The wrinkles in her skin
shine out in ridges and troughs. Her eyes blink—

The needle goes stammering in,
the stitches march
down the broad face of the cloth
and the spools unwind;
and over this luminous hollow
of light
night bends
like a cave.

Suspended from time,
the picture might seem complete;
but soon the stammering will cease, the needle hang
motionless on air, and my mother rise,
snap off the sewing light
and move through the cumbrous darkness
to bed.

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THE POLITICS OF HUNGER

RICHARD J. NEUHAUS

Manifesto on the scandal of global poverty

Arthur Simon is something of a nut when it comes to poor people. A Lutheran pastor, he has for twelve years worked with the poor on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, where he, Kaia and their children also live. Now he is organizing "a citizens' lobby against world hunger and poverty" called Bread for the World. *The Politics of World Hunger* (Harper's Magazine Press, $8.95) is both manifesto and manual for that movement. Written with his brother Paul Simon (journalist, political reformer, former Lt.-Governor of Illinois, now at the Kennedy Institute of Politics at Harvard), the book is also one of the most readable, informed and action-directed statements on the scandal of global poverty to come along in a very long time. With such a manifesto, and having already enlisted the commitment of notables such as Eugene Carson Blake, Bishop Thomas Gumbleton, Sterling Cary and Mark Hatfield on its board, you might think Bread for the World well on its way. Not yet.

Swallow hard and admit it: Dean Rusk was right way back in 1966 when he first complained that "a mood of neo-isolationism is sweeping the country." He was, of course, right for all the wrong reasons. But the (perhaps inevitable) price of popular disillusionment with America's war in Indochina was an overkill of disillusionment with any American role among "the wretched of the earth." The constituency of conscience (there is such a thing, Michael Novak notwithstanding) has turned inward, leaving America's global affairs to the generals, national security managers, and corporate boards—none of whom show the slightest susceptibility to the temptations of isolation, neo- or otherwise. It may not be the most important reason, but one reason for renewing interest in the poor nations is to keep a check on these power centers that learned nothing from Vietnam except that next time public opinion must be more carefully conditioned so that force can be less timidly employed.

But right now, David Brown, former director of the American Freedom from Hunger Foundation, is right when he says in the introduction to the Simons' book, "There is no grass-roots constituency for overseas concerns." The old self-interest arguments no longer seem to work in creating such a constituency, and we can in large part be thankful for that. The cold-war rallying cries about competing with the Communists for the loyalties of the world's poor were done in by the Vietnam war and interred by Nixon-Kissinger assurances that the cold war has given way to a "new structure of world peace" (how such assurances jibe with military alerts that constitute, in Nixon's words, the "most serious crisis" since the Cuban missile affair is quite another question). The point is that feeding the poor is no longer viewed as an instrument of war and is thus relegated to that obscure place in our national mind reserved for causes that have no greater claim on our attention than that they are the right thing to do.

It is fine to quote Pope Paul, Mike Pearson, Adlai Stevenson and other worthies on the impossibility of keeping two-thirds of the world in misery while the rest of us fret about a four-cent per gallon jump in the price of gasoline. Stevenson, for example, said: "We cannot maintain [the little ship that is earth] half fortunate, half miserable; half confident, half despairing; half slave —to the ancient enemies of man—half free in a liberation of resources undreamed of until this day." For every American who finds that argument powerful there are ten who think it implausible. Most of us believe it not only possible but perhaps desirable to keep things more or less as they are. True, there are the inveterate revolutionaries and kindergarten Marxists among us who warn that the day of wrath is at hand, that the inexorable forces of history are gathering to throw the mighty from their seats, and all that. The very fever with which their fantasies are invoked betrays their lack of confidence in their fulfillment. Thanks to the isolation and relative affluence of intellectuals in America, such people are spared daily encounter with the amused condescension more sensible folk show toward sandwich-board prophets. If Justitia can be won only by revolutionary rage and the power that comes from the barrel of a gun, she will remain forever virgin, and we had then best turn our affections toward some more likely object.

The Simons understand that neither anti-Communism nor the fear of revolutionary rage nor the alleged impossibility of maintaining gross inequality is sufficient to sustain a popular commitment to the development of the poor. While these and other fears may be inseparable from nobler motivations, the appeal must be made chiefly to conscience, compassion and a sense of what is right. Some call this idealism, but it is, I believe, the most realistic approach.

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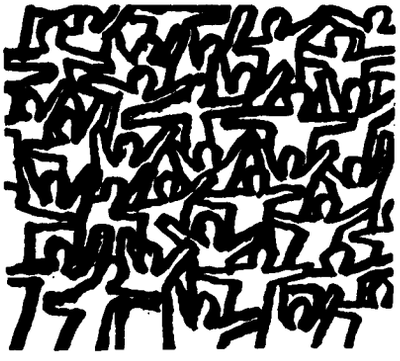
The most unrealistic approach to public policy is the one that fails to take into account the people's capacity and desire for altruism. While combating the paternalism and condescension that destroys the soul of benefactor and recipient alike, we dare not destroy or discredit the impulse to help those in need. The impulse is so deeply rooted and so consistently legitimated by our religious traditions that those Christian thinkers, usually on the left, who would negate it are engaged in an ethical mischief comparable to the recent theological mischief that cavorted under the banners of "the death of God." One hopes their fashion and influence will be about as long-lived.

On a more strategic level, Gunnar Myrdal has perhaps most persuasively made the case that development assistance programs based upon direct appeals to the self-interest of the rich are doomed to failure. The pay-off, if pay-off there be, is highly ambiguous. Instead of gratitude we reap anti-Americanism, and, instead of putting out the flames of discontent, well-intended assistance seems to fan them to new heights of anger. The only self-interest that can be safely appealed to in soliciting support for development assistance is our interest



in thinking of ourselves as a good and generous people. Admittedly, generosity can go awry, as witness the grotesquely distorted "generosity" of America's engagement in Indochina. But without the impulse of generosity there is little or nothing that can break through the resistance of the rich nations to even the smallest steps toward a more equitable world order.

Nor should we neglect the positive uses of guilt. "Can we now, by some contorted logic," the Simons ask, "believe that it is wrong to pour bombs on innocent people, but permissible to let a thousand times as many go hungry and die through neglect?" If we can and do, they answer, "history will certainly judge the latter to have been a far greater violence against humanity." We may never know all the ingredients that went into turning the American public against bombing innocent people in Indochina, but it can be safely assumed that one important ingredient was television's forcing vivid confrontation with the human consequences of American policy in terms of burning children and the tears of the widowed. Similarly, the American public must be relentlessly confronted by the human consequences of the world poverty we do so much to perpetuate, both by neglect and by our perverse national policies.

The Simons cite Moritz Thomsen's experience working in a remote village of Ecuador. During a drought people "were selling their children before they died of hunger; autopsies on the ones who had died revealed stomachs full of roots and dirt." In his village, the birth of a stillborn child was occasion for jubilant celebration; it meant someone had become an *angelito* without the intervening suffering. The portrayal of such atrocities may seem a simplistic and moralistic approach to the problems of world poverty. But it is no more simplistic or moralistic than the horror pictures from the Vietnam war. Unless one was an absolute pacifist, the picture of the slaughtered of Mylai was not a conclusive argument against the war. People, including innocent people, are killed in all wars. What the pictures did do was to force a sense of urgency, to underscore the enormous stakes involved, to say that we had better be damn sure about what we are doing before inflicting such unspeakable horror upon sisters and brothers in a distant land. In short, confronting the consequences compelled us to examine the legitimations of the Vietnam conflict. The legitimations collapsed under careful scrutiny.

If through like confrontation we are haunted by the *angelitos* of Ecuador and the dying on the streets of Bombay, a similar sense of urgency and a similar examination of legitimations might be induced with regard to the role of American power in the Third World. Here too, I believe, the legitimations would collapse under scrutiny. Such a collapse does not, of course, tell us what we ought to be doing in relation to the poor nations. There is no easy and essentially negative answer such as, "Bring the boys home." But the sense that there is something profoundly wrong with our present policies can be a beginning toward building a more sophisticated public consciousness of the problem. When it comes to war, the American public is too sophisticated today, one hopes, to accept uncritically the defense-of-freedom rhetoric exploited by John Kennedy or to be easily intimidated by the Munich metaphor which for years scared us into silence. Also with regard to world development, the public might become more skeptical and restless about the options officially offered.

Speaking about the poor nations, Richard Nixon, President, as it were, of the United States, declared America's policy to be one of "steering between under-involvement and over-involvement." A more sophisticated public will challenge the options presented, insisting that the real question is, *what kind* of involvement? The media, the universities, the churches, and everybody in the opinion-forming business have, I believe, a moral obligation to stir the widest possible debate around that question. Such a debate, and the political action advocated by the

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Simons and represented by organizations such as Bread for the World, might not only serve justice and save some lives but also restore a sense of moral purpose to our thoroughly enervated national life.

Contradictory though it may seem, the political program of building a constituency for world development must be largely depoliticized. That is, it cannot be locked into the sharp polarities that now characterize the small minority concerned about the Third World. The ideologues who attribute the whole of the world's suffering to the imperialist designs of fascist America ought not to set the tune in building a domestic movement for world development. Quite apart from the errors of their analysis, the prospect is strategically absurd. The vast majority of the American people cannot be expected to adopt a posture that is essentially anti-American. We may be sick as a nation, but that would be downright pathological. What Martin Luther King, Robert Kennedy and George McGovern—to cite but three—all understood is that Americans can respond only to an emphatically American dream, that the evils of America must be portrayed as distortive of, rather than endemic to, the American experience. If this be reformism, make the most of it. Reforms that work can be revolutionary in their cumulative consequences. Revolutions that fail only compound the identity crises of disillusioned ex-radicals. A re-formed American role in the Third World is precisely what is needed.

The Simons suggest that rather than high-rhetoric politicizing of the issue the American people must be approached in terms clearly humanitarian. They note public opinion polls showing an overwhelming majority opposed to "foreign aid" or "foreign economic assistance." The same polls show a dramatically different response when people are asked if they favor "helping the hungry in other nations." They further suggest that it is neither wise nor necessary always to portray world development as an assault upon American business and other vested interests. It is demonstrably untrue that improvement for all can come about only by redistribution, by taking from the rich and giving to the poor, as though the struggle for justice were a zero-sum game. Neither, on the other hand, is it entirely accurate to say with John Kennedy, "The rising tide lifts all the boats." Turned about, that metaphor is too close to the theory of the "trickle-down effect" that is supposed to accompany economic growth but clearly has not been trickling down in burgeoning economies such as that of Brazil where, in point of dismal fact, the poor get poorer as the rich get richer. Metaphors about tides and about waters running in obedience to the law of gravity are as excessively mechanistic as are another orthodoxy's metaphors of class struggle. They do not take account of the capricious and serendipitous ways of history. To be sure, economists need to make a living too, so we will continue to get more such metaphors, but it is well to keep in mind that, compared with economics, theology is an exact science.

For purposes of selling the idea of world development, however, the rising-tide metaphor is not bad. The Simons write, "The United States has demonstrated again and again that when the poor advance, they stimulate the entire economy. There is an international parallel: as poor countries develop, they become better U.S. customers." Of course we all know there are points at which the interests of American corporations, at least as those interests are now perceived, collide with a real commitment to world development. But we should not go looking for fights. In public policy as in personal life, the course most likely to succeed is that which combines noble purpose with elements of self-interest. When a person believes he is doing something because it is right, but also knows it is in his interest to do it, we may describe it as acting in false consciousness. He probably calls it happiness.

The Simons make a strong case that more generous aid, trade and monetary policies by the U.S. would emphatically benefit all Americans, especially the worker. Throughout, however, the theme of self-interest is subordinated to that of altruism. To transform this potent combination of altruism and self-interest into political change requires spirited leadership. Clearly the present leaders, so to speak, in Washington lack both will and skill. In his recent confirmation hearings, the Secretary of State never once mentioned world poverty as a priority concern in U.S. foreign policy. When pressed by Senator Javits, Kissinger allowed as how so much hunger and general wretchedness were indeed lamentable, but went on to say in effect, that when one is working with the big boys in building a new structure for world peace he can't be distracted by the children in the sandbox. Anyway, we have John Scali up there at the UN to keep tabs on their cries and whispers and to warn us if anything is underway that might interfere with the legitimate business of state.

"For the past two decades," the Simons write, "our Presidents—with the general exception of John F. Kennedy—simply have not used the weight of their office to lay candidly and repeatedly before the public the desperate circumstances of hungry people or the meager amount of our assistance." (The Simons make depressingly clear how meager U.S. assistance has been, compared with that from other developed countries, and illuminate the devious ways in which so-called assistance has been used to entrap poor nations in servile dependency upon the U.S.) Among the important points that never got a hearing in McGovern's campaign was his stirring vision of a revitalized American commitment to the economic development of the poor nations. Of prospective Presidents, only Senator Kennedy has a strong track record on this question, accumulated largely through his energetic work with the subcommittee on

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refugees. Whether or not we are to have a President who places world development high on the nation's agenda, we can begin now, through efforts such as Bread for the World, to create a climate within which such political leadership might emerge.

A good place to start is with a careful reading of *The Politics of World Hunger*. It contains a frighteningly long and practical list of things that can be done by ordinary folk, so the reader is advised not to drop a note to Bread for the World (602 E. 9th St., NYC) unless he or she is prepared to be viewed as something of a nut when it comes to poor people.

THE LATE CHARLIE CHAPLIN

THE SCREEN

Since it can be misinterpreted, the title I've put on this column is perhaps in bad taste. Charlie is of course not dead. On the contrary, judging by his appearance at a New York benefit two years ago, he is as lively as ever. I am referring, rather, to his late films, in particular *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947), *Limelight* (1952) and *A King in New York* (1957). None of these was much seen when new, at least not in this country. In its first two years of release *Monsieur Verdoux* had only two thousand play dates here, about one-sixth of what any second feature would have had in those days, so Charlie withdrew it from circulation. *Limelight* did a bit better, but *A King in New York,* made after Charlie was refused a re-entry visa to the U.S. during the McCarthy era, wasn't exhibited here at all. Now, however, capitalizing on revived American interest in his work, Charlie has put all these films into release again along with such earlier classics as *The Circus* (1928), *City Lights* (1931), *Modern Times* (1936) and *The Great Dictator* (1940).

At their funniest the three late films hark back to the sort of antics in Charlie's early work. The brightest moment in any of them is a mime recital in *Limelight* at which Charlie's accompanist is Buster Keaton! Yet even in *Limelight* there is a pall hanging over the most comically intended moments. The mime recital is given at a benefit performance for an old vaudevillian named Calvero, and when Charlie had his own benefit in New York many years later, he did what Calvero had done: he entertained his well-wishers by repeating some of his standard routines, allowing *The Kid* (1921) to be screened as part of the program.

But at the mime recital in *Limelight,* we have the uncomfortable feeling Charlie is putting his whole reputation as a laugh-getter on the line. This is the effect of preceding scenes where Calvero plays to an empty house in his nightmare and is hooted off the stage in reality. At the recital it's as if we're being challenged to laugh, and our laughter is therefore nervous. We see Calvero's performance from the viewpoint of the music-hall audience in the film; and like any audience put in that one's position, we laugh out of politeness, half fearing someone will be humiliated if we don't laugh. Implicit on Charlie's part is an attempt to recapture the comedic style of his youth, as if it were an innocence whose loss were now being regretted terribly. In *Limelight* that style becomes Charlie's Rosebud.

Nevertheless, that innocence was indeed irretrievably lost by the time of these three late films. What makes them a separate, isolated part of Charlie's career is the fact that they forsake the Tramp character he'd played in every film since his second Mack Sennett comedy. The figure who emerged so late from the Tramp's cocoon is an elegant boulevardier—the deposed monarch in *A King in New York,* the dapper has-been in *Limelight,* the suave and fastidious bluebeard in *Monsieur Verdoux*. In a sense this fellow isn't so different from the Tramp. He's the Tramp dignified by a bit of success, the person the Tramp aspired to be. Or maybe he's the Tramp grown worldly-wise at last, for in the progression of the films up to these last three we can almost see the new man emerging. They become like the chapters in a *bildungsroman.*

The Circus and *City Lights* still exemplify the sort of timeless romantic farce Charlie had been perfecting ever since he outgrew slapstick. But in *Modern Times* and *The Great Dictator* the Tramp is suddenly thrown into the very thick of contemporary history. In *Modern Times* concern about the Depression is super-added to the familiar boy-girl story of *The Circus* or *City Lights,* and in *The Great Dictator* that sentimental story is virtually obliterated by Charlie's preoccupation with the rise of Fascism. In *The Great Dictator* the historical consciousness that the Tramp has developed splits his personality into the two different roles Charlie played. One is the Tramp in the person of a Jewish barber who got amnesia during World War I and has no idea what's happened since. (Again, the suggestion is that Charlie may have been thinking of himself as someone completely out of it for the last twenty years.) The other character is of course Hynkel, Charlie's caricature of Hitler.

At least a moral victory is won by the Tramp when the barber is mistaken for Hynkel and thus gets an opportunity to make a speech calling for the brotherhood of man. It's a hopeful ending, if a weak one. But *Monsieur Verdoux* ends tragically as Verdoux is condemned for untold murders and is executed. There aren't two separate characters to represent the victim and the victimizer this time, but both halves of the personality are again present in the single person of Verdoux, who only turned to murdering rich women as a result of being fired unjustly from the job with which he supported his crippled wife and child.

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Maybe Charlie found it impossible to play the Tramp anymore because he had come to feel that the ways in which the little fellow is society's victim are no longer funny. Though he had never before apologized for his sense of humor, he did say after World War II that he regretted making *The Great Dictator*. After his own persecution here during the fifties, he may well have thought he had become the Tramp—the lonely outcast, shunned and excluded by his own society—a bit too painfully to make jokes about it. Though never a naturalized citizen, Charlie had in effect immigrated here in 1910, and one of his great early successes with the Tramp was a film on the subject of *The Immigrant* (1917). How ironical that the last film he should direct and star in, *A King in New York*, should also be about an immigrant, one so harassed that he ultimately flees back to Europe.

Yet there is a still greater irony than that in the fact that the 1957 version of the immigrant is not a refugee traveling in steerage, but a king traveling deluxe. Whatever the mitigating social and political circumstances may have been, the main reason Charlie could no longer play the Tramp has to have been that, even in his own mind, he no longer was the Tramp. The Tramp's is a popular art; and like all popular art, it relies on a lack of self-consciousness in the artist. It is other-directed. It reflects the lives of the millions of people in Charlie's audience who enjoy the Tramp because they can identify with him. But the aging boulevardier in the three late films is a self-reflective figure, even a self-pitying one at times. He is much more like the serious sort of modern artist—the poet or painter—who is unpopular and from whom audiences feel alienated. I began this discussion by excusing my ambiguous title, but perhaps its ambiguity isn't out of place after all. By the time he made *Monsieur Verdoux, Limelight* and *A King in New York*, Charlie's original genius as a screen comedian had indeed become moribund.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

THE SEARCH FOR COMMUNION

MICHAEL ZUCKERMAN

The Idea of Fraternity in America

WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS

U. of California Press, $14.95

Wilson Carey McWilliams' *Idea of Fraternity in America* is an awesomely ambitious political preachment, a "lover's-quarrel with the left" that would certainly have had a season of notoriety—and might even have mattered more profoundly—a few years ago, in that Indian summer of our civic imagination.

But in this bleak winter of the republic, a book that would recall us to ideas of fraternity must be very, very good; and McWilliams' book is not that good. It is, on its author's own admission, "intolerably long." It is long because it lacks the clarity to be shorter. And its length is unredeemed by any added illumination, for if anything the book is less than the sum of its sometimes-brilliant parts and misproportioned to its purposes. It bids men be comrades, yet belies its bidding in relentless exposure of their failures of fellowship. It begs them to revel in the richness of life, yet betrays its beseechment in accents that are lugubrious and, in the end, deeply depressing.

In essence it is a 700-page jeremiad that says little that Cooley did not suggest or the German sociologist Schmalenbach develop, more exquisitely and incomparably more economically, a long time ago. McWilliams' notion of fraternity is ultimately what Schmalenbach called communion. It is a social relation of "intense interpersonal affection" that is nonetheless based in volition and values rather than blood and birthright. By deliberate design, therefore, it fits neither of Tönnies' classic categories. It admits an individuality that *gemeinschaft* discounts and a dependence that *gesellschaft* denies, enabling men to avoid "both excessive involvement with society and the trap of self." In the service of a shared vision, it permits friends to be "stern and hard" with each other where *gemeinschaft* is too feeble to "endure disagreement." In mitigation of the failings and flaws such sharing bares, it permits them to be mutually supportive where men in *gesellschaft* are "too fearful of losing an acquaintance to seek to discover a friend." And so it allows brothers to endure their imperfection without abandoning themselves to it, and to find acceptable identities without leaving one another isolated and alone.

It is hard to demur at such a conception of communion but harder still to see that McWilliams has added much to Schmalenbach's version, beyond an effort to unfold the historical fate of such communion in America. And since McWilliams is no historian, that addition is a dubious one indeed.

In the pattern of the jeremiad, McWilliams' history has to begin with giants and follow the declension of their descendants. So McWilliams makes the Puritans his heroes, though he can do it only by ignoring their anxiety-ridden authoritarianism and scanting consistently such other unfraternal elements of the New England Way as its deep dependence on consensual communalism and its sublime abandonment of

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the mass of humankind to damnation. His account is marred by a multitude of innocent errors, such as placing the Puritans "here first," before the Virginians, and by a few highly questionable ones, such as suppressing the crucial part of a quotation to make Roger Williams seem as intolerant as his Puritan persecutors.

But all McWilliams' sophistries and special pleadings are necessary to his narrative, for he would not have the nation's disastrous devolution begin before the 18th century and the advent of the Enlightenment. On his analysis, Lockean liberalism refused the limits that the religious tradition imposed on men. It "affirmed infinite possibilities." It legitimized the leveling of constraints it conceived to be keeping men from fulfillment of the potential it proclaimed. And in so doing it disclosed its "hatred of man as he was" and indeed its "hatred of life" itself, and it left men with only "the living death of egotism."

Under such auspices, the rest becomes merely a record of the ramifying of the logic of liberalism. Egotism advances unceasingly. Political fraternity becomes "impossible." And even friendship grows implausible among men schooled to fear finitude, fellows, and death, "the three things most inevitably a part of life." So, as the social fabric "comes more and more to resemble that blank sheet which its great prophet asserted was the natural beginning of men," McWilliams gives over the latter half of his history to diatribe and dirge. Yet, in the end, he cannot accept his own evidence of extremity, and he launches upon a curious and almost maudlin conjuration of Black brotherhood. Declining to scorn the pseudo-*gemeinschaft* of universal Black amity, and choosing not to notice how desperation-driven is the fraternity of Blacks on the street who "go for brothers," he concludes his history as he began it, with a fraudulent fiction of positive communion.

And even at that, McWilliams' substantive history is still not as spurious as the historical form of his enterprise. *The Idea of Fraternity* is a book cast in the shape of history that cannot really accept its own mold. For the fraternity that McWilliams affirms is so "incredible" a phenomenon, so nearly "beyond human imagining," as to constitute a condition that can hardly have a history. It "depends fundamentally" on chance and transcendence. It is a "miraculous" thing, and a "momentary" one besides. Its very nature obliges McWilliams to dismiss those who, like Dewey, had "faith in history," and identify instead with those who, like Melville, "denied history."

McWilliams must also, ultimately, deny sociology for the same reason. Understanding fraternity as a rare and random thing, as he does, he cannot consider what might be its sustaining conditions or how to effect its occurrence. Even when he speaks indirectly to such social structural questions, as when he declares that the vast national aggregates of the 20th century will not support fraternal intimacy, he is at a loss to say how to dismantle those great agglomerations. He inveighs against geographic mobility as inimical to fellow-feeling, but he does not bother to explain how to induce Americans to stop moving. He decries modern technology and the market economy, as corrosive of communion, but he does not indicate how he would get Americans to give up their technology of affluence. And in fact he would not give it up himself. At the very point at which he enters his final plea that fraternity be made "more possible," he enters also an admission that "the powers and resources of modern life" must be maintained. It is as if he has not understood his own analysis.

McWilliams rests his hopes for "a real revolution" on the passage of "time" and the cultivation of an "inner city" of fraternal sensibility; and if such hopes seem to represent no revolution at all—or, at any rate, none that the stalwarts of the status quo would be bound to notice—that is almost exactly as McWilliams would want it. For he is not, finally, concerned with social revolution or anything else that might be relevant to the mass of men. The culminating irony of his book is that its invocation of fraternity is actually an evocation of an invincible elitism. McWilliams dismisses the great majority of his fellows as "unredeemed" and proclaims that "unhappiness is their only destiny." His fraternity is for the "few." True brothers are always "voices crying in the wilderness," and they are especially likely to be artists. McWilliams lavishes nearly half his history on a few literary figures—his extended discussions of Hawthorne and Melville are the best things in the book, by far, and superb by any standard—and artists are, predominantly among men, "isolated" and "misunderstood." In their own affairs, and in their art, they manage only the most meager and fragile of fraternities.

But if McWilliams is drawn to such writers for their insight into the defects of liberal society more than for their ability to body forth an effectual alternative, he also misses a mass of men whose comradeship was always more robust and regular than that of the literary lions. Indeed, he often misses it quite willfully. He hails the "anti-individualistic heritage of Catholic thought" only to lament its latter-day lapse. He celebrates the "proletarian brotherhood" of industrial workers only to deplore its unionized deterioration. Yet at least he does indicate that there has always been another tradition in America, beyond or, better, before liberalism. And when we have the history of that tradition—a history of small towns as well as great cities, revivalism as well as liberal religion, the inarticuate as well as the intellectuals

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REVIEWERS

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and the sisters as well as the brothers—we may well discover that McWilliams was onto something despite himself, and that individualism has not been the whole history nor even its greatest part.

Holy Man: Father Damien of Molokai

GAVAN DAWS

Harper & Row, $8.95

A Man for Now

JOHN BEEVERS

Doubleday, $5.95

MICHAEL F. McCAULEY

There may very possibly be an incipient cult to Damien de Veuster, the Leper of Molokai, on the devotional horizon. Two books about the Belgian priest who lived, worked and died among the lepers for sixteen years have been published within weeks of each other. And these two volumes—appearing as they have, a full generation after John Farrow's famous, if inaccurate and pietistic *Damien the Leper* of 1937—just could arouse enough interest to inspire an apathetic Christian population. Damien's story is one of self-sacrifice and uncompromising dedication; to Gavan Daws he was a *Holy Man* and to John Beevers Damien is *A Man for Now*.

Practically every parochial school student knows a little bit about Damien and the lepers of Molokai. Unfortunately, most know only apocryphal legends, the fabrications of misinformed biographers. This is due largely to the fact that Damien was not the kind of person whose character would immediately appeal to thousands. He was—as he himself admitted—headstrong, more than occasionally impatient, driven by superhuman endurance and obstinately unyielding. An altogether difficult person to work with and, to a certain extent, difficult to portray with the typical aura of the plaster saint.

However, what makes Damien's life important are his accomplishments during his sixteen years at the Kalawao settlement on Molokai. Damien was not the grand visionary. He built houses, fed and clothed his lepers; while his people were alive he enjoyed their company and when they had finally succumbed to leprosy he grieved over their remains. He did become an international celebrity of sorts but unwittingly. Others had publicized his story, soliciting for him accolades and contributions that usually embarrassed him and in the end often proved more troublesome than helpful. If Damien's life was heroic, it was not only accidental but somewhat unbelievable to many of his Sacred Hearts colleagues.

Yet if heroism came unbidden, "martyrdom" was most uncommonly desired. Damien went to Molokai knowing that he would probably never return. From the outset, even before he had contracted leprosy, priest and parishioners were one: "We lepers." Damien's self-admitted motivation for his unswerving dedication was the reward of eternal life. His life at Kalawao settlement—literally among the "living dead"—shortened the "necessary delay" that mortal existence posed for eternal life. "When sickness comes upon me I rejoice that my end approaches." Periodically Damien wrote to his brother—a Sacred Hearts priest back in Belgium—of leprosy as "doing [him] the favor of shortening [his] road to heaven." He never considered himself the "indisputable exemplar of Christian generosity." Damien wanted nothing more than a decent existence for his congregation and a shortened earthly exile for himself.

Although Gavan Daws' *Holy Man* is not the first biography of the Leper of Molokai, it is the most perceptive. It remained for a "non-Catholic, indeed a non-Christian in the strict sense of the word" who teaches history at the University of Hawaii to make historical and biographical sense out of the life of the man who, despite the disservice done him by previous biographers, remains both an enigma and a challenge.

For John Beevers—author of other biographies of saints, most notably the lives of Joan of Arc and Therese of Lisieux—Damien's real character is lost in half-apologies and oversimplified explanations. Beevers is evidently so unacquainted with the events of Damien's life and the real political and religious nuances of late nineteenth-century Hawaii that he must insert into his narrative unrelated asides about other religious occurrences—none of which have even the remotest bearing on Damien's life. Of what importance is it that there was an alleged appearance of Mary—the Virgin of the Poor—in a small Belgian town in 1933?

It is Daws' *Holy Man* which most closely conveys the mystery of Joseph Damien de Veuster, priest and leper. Beevers' *A Man for Now* almost succeeds in removing from Damien's life the inexplicable mysteries of his commitment; there are vain attempts to controvert Damien's undeniable obstinacy. Beevers would even eliminate much of Damien's peasant coarseness and occasional carelessness. It seems that "flaws" in the admirable Christian Hero must be refined or explained away.

Gavan Daws has refused to provide a definitive analysis of the events of Damien's life. There is a bit of psychological explanation offered as commentary; some possible motivation comes to the fore. But it is Damien's letters and other writings which actually reveal Damien the man; a little probing enlightens but never pardons, excuses, or patronizes. The mystery remains; resolution is not Daws' purpose.

Yet, aside from whatever light *Holy Man* and *A Man for Now* may shed in the compelling story of Damien de Veuster, neither author has so ably assessed him as did Robert Louis Stevenson in 1890, shortly after Damien's death. In a long reply to a scurrilous detraction written by the Rev. Charles McEwen Hyde, Stevenson commented:

"Of Damien, I begin to have an idea. He seems to have been a man of the peasant class, certainly of the peasant type; shrewd; ignorant and bigoted, yet with an open mind and capable of receiving and digesting a reproof if it were bluntly administered; superbly generous in the least thing as well as in the greatest, and as ready to give his

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last shirt (although not without human grumbling) as he had been to sacrifice his life, essentially indiscreet and officious, which made him a troublesome colleague; domineering in all his ways, which made him incurably unpopular with the Kanakas [native Hawaiians], but yet destitute of real authority, so that his boys laughed at him and he must carry out his wishes by means of bribes.

"He learned to have a mania for doctoring; and set up the Kanakas against the remedies of his regular rivals; perhaps (if anything mattered at all in the treatment of such a disease) the worst thing that he did, and certainly the easiest. The best and worst of the man appear very plainly in his dealings with Mr. Chapman's money; he had originally laid it out [intended to lay it out] entirely for the benefit of Catholics, and even so not wisely, but revised the list. The sad state of the boys' home is in part the result of his lack of control; in part of his own slovenly ways and false ideas of hygiene. Brother officials used to call it 'Damien's Chinatown.' 'Well,' they used to say, 'your Chinatown keeps growing.' And he would laugh with perfect good nature and adhere to his errors with perfect obstinacy."

Slats Grobnik and Some Other Friends

MIKE ROYKO

Dutton, $7.95

The Last Carousel

NELSON ALGREN

Putnam, $8.95

BRUCE COOK

Listen, Chicago may be a backwater, but it's not provincial. If I catch the nuance right, provincial means there's a capital someplace else at which the attention of all the inhabitants is devoutly directed. And that's not Chicago. It's sort of a city-state surrounded on every side by high walls of indifference. It doesn't give a damn about any place else. Back in

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the Twenties, Mayor Big Bill Thompson promised to kick the King of England in the seat of the pants if he should ever show up in his town. By the time I left the place in 1967, there were some Catholic laymen there who were offering to do the same to Pope Paul VI. And as for that *other* city out on the East Coast, well, the only guy from New York who ever made a lasting impression on Chicago was Al Capone.

But for a city as singularly indifferent to the concerns of the rest of the world as it is, Chicago has had considerable impact of its own. There is, or has been, a Chicago style in architecture, in jazz, in theater, in painting—and certainly, also most lastingly, in American writing. Just think of all the heavyweights who have come flailing out of that corner of the country: Hemingway, Lardner, Farrell, and Bellow. The fact that none of them hung around long doesn't necessarily prove, as some cynics claim, that Chicago is merely a great place to be *from*. No, there are still some real writers left in the town—Mike Royko and Nelson Algren to name a couple—and somehow or other they manage to find enough there to keep them occupied.

That's the point, you see, there's plenty to write about there. Just dig into this longish book by Mike Royko, *Slats Grobnik and Some Other Friends,* which is really only a collection of his columns from the *Chicago Daily News,* and you will be impressed by the variety of subjects, characters, and small fiascoes he treats in it. Everything from penny-pitching to pushcart-peddling, to Watergate.

And what about this Grobnik guy in the title? What's he got to do with it? A lot, though it may not seem like it at first. In the lead-off column of the book, and the earliest of the bunch, Slats is just a name tossed off, probably for comic effect (though I've heard lots weirder ones out on the northwest and southwest sides of the city). Subsequently, he reappears as Royko's boyhood friend, then evolves into a literary device, a kind of alter-ego for the columnist himself. As long as he's laying it all on Slats Grobnik, Royko can confess things that would make his *baba*'s hair stand on end; and he can get sentimental now and then and make it look like he's being large-hearted.

Not that he shouldn't, understand. Confession, sentimentality, righteous anger, nostalgia, satirical humor, and humor plain-and-simple—these are all stock in trade to the city columnist. Nobody knows this better than Mike Royko because nobody does the job better than he does. And the proof of that last is right here in *Slats Grobnik and Some Other Friends.* There are not, believe me, many newspaper columnists whose work will stand up between hard covers; and there are fewer still whose collections you can read without becoming acutely aware of the limitations of the column form. Writers who, day in and day out, write pieces of about the same length tend to fall back on a certain set of devices—the ones that work best for them. They begin to write about the same things in the same ways. But not Mike Royko. There is surprisingly little repetition here, for along with the variety of subject matter remarked on earlier, there is an equally impressive variety of form.

And he's funny. Royko has a keen sense of the absurd that enlivens his columns. What do I mean by a sense of the absurd? Well, take a lead like this: "The city Council paid a great tribute to the late Saul Alinsky a few days ago. It refused to name a city park after him." Or a simile like this: "On the first morning of school, he'd be seized by the desperation and panic of a drowning man, or of a judge being asked to show his bankbook." Or consider the column Royko wrote on the girl who broke away from would-be rapists and ran to get help for her boyfriend. She runs across Lake Shore Drive to an apartment building and screams at the doorman to call the police because somebody may be getting killed across the street. He looks at her and says, "Do you have a dime?"

That's what I mean by a sense of the absurd.

All in all, it's the best book of its kind since *The World of Jimmy Breslin* came out in 1967—which should tell you where I rate Royko. Only, in spite of the respectable job he did on his one *book*-book: *Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago,* I sure hope he doesn't get serious and start writing books full-time the way Breslin did. Mike Royko is the kind of writer who needs the press of daily journalism, and God knows journalism needs him.

And then there's Nelson Algren. Let me tell you what kind of Chicagoan he is. When he finally made a little money from his novels (I think it was right after *A Walk on the Wild Side*) he decided to do what a lot of writers do and move out to the country. So where does he go? To Gary, Indiana. I mean, if Gary is your idea

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of the country, then you'll *never* get out of Chicago. And he never did, really, for in another year or so he was back in the old Division-and-Milwaukee neighborhood that he wrote about so well in *The Man With the Golden Arm*.

Nelson Algren hasn't written any novels for going on 20 years now—which is sad in a way. But it's not like he's been exactly idle in the years between: *The Last Carousel* is the third collection of short pieces he has published since his last novel. Unlike the other two (*Who Lost an American?* and *Notes from a Sea Diary*), this one contains a lot of short fiction. There is a sad-funny section on whorehouse life that had been cut from *A Walk on the Wild Side*, titled "The House of the Hundred Grassfires." And there are a good-sized handful of short stories that have appeared over the years in *Playboy* and some other places. What can I say? They are very good. I could insert some specifics at this point, and maybe I should. The title story, "The Last Carousel," for instance, perfectly captures the seedy atmosphere of the carnival. "Watch Out for Daddy" and "The Mad Laundress of Ding Dong Daddyland" treat addictions of different sorts. And "Dark Came Early in That Country," the first story in the book and my favorite of the lot, is as good as anything I've read on the crummy world of boxing since *Fat City*. There are more, and I wonder why he didn't make a separate book of them. One that could carry the label, "Short Fiction by Nelson Algren," would have far greater impact, I should think, than this big bag of mixed pieces.

One reason he may have decided to put them all together is that Algren's journalism is a little hard to tell from his fiction. They look a lot alike. Algren puts himself right in the middle of his non-fiction, too, sets scenes beautifully, and tells it all with dialogue and colorful details interwoven through the narrative. In other words, to give it a recently-stylish label, it's New Journalism—and Nelson Algren was writing it this way when Tom Wolfe was still at Yale working on his PhD in American Studies. This being the case and with journalism being exalted today in some quarters high above fiction as a mode of serious expression, I can't for the life of me figure out why he hasn't retained greater eminence. The feeling persists that if he lived someplace else he would be one of the Great Men of American Letters, holder of fellowships, dispenser of wisdom.

For that vast indifference felt in Chicago for the rest of the country, is very widely reciprocated. In good circles, Chicago has the reputation of being a smelly place populated by rude people. This it largely deserves. But it is more than only that, and if you want to find out how much more, you might start out by reading Mike Royko and Nelson Algren.

IN BRIEF

THE BILLY GRAHAM RELIGION *by Joe E. Barnhart, Pilgrim, $6.95.* While the style is less lively than a popular book on the subject should be, Barnhart's probe of Billy Graham's message and appeal is a good resource on Evangelical Protestantism. The author neither dishes up the prickly pears that bring glee to Graham critics nor acts as defender of the Baptist preacher. He is rather successful in an attempt to explain the whos, whys and wherefores of Graham in the contemporary American context. Barnhart understands the Evangelical mindset. He writes that Graham has an "image of himself as a special prophet of the Almighty" and the evangelist emerges in in the pages as a champion more of pietistic law than of loving grace. Graham's difficulty in developing social awareness is attributed to a "God consciousness" similar to that of William Gladstone. The Evangelical yearning for a Christian commonwealth in America so epitomized in Graham is properly a major theme in the book.

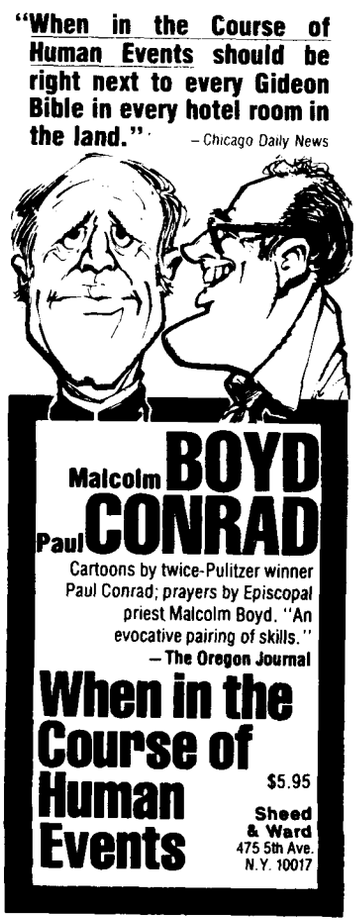
ELLIOTT WRIGHT

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 451)

Future Theology," appearing in the Christmas issue [Dec. 28], you refer to the decision to establish the *Woodstock Center for Theological Reflection* in Washington, D.C. as "crucial." I think that this accurately reflects the conviction of Fr. Eamon G. Taylor, New York Jesuit Provincial, and myself, and of the many people who advised us in coming to this decision.

A bold outline for the direction of this Center has been given, but the identification of specific problems must await the appointment of a Director and an advisory board. You mention the utility of a university link for the Center. We anticipate that a number of relationships with universities and other centers will develop in the future, and certainly some of the researchers at the Center will also have academic ap-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pointments elsewhere. Nevertheless, we wish the Center itself to remain essentially independent and non-instructional so that it can enjoy a special freedom for its research task. This is not an easy route to choose, but it does offer unique advantages.

We are optimistic that the rich tradition of Woodstock will be carried on in a somewhat new and especially challenging way. As was stated in initial announcements about the Center, we hope that our aspiration is "fruitful in men and in projects that are deeply in touch with the actual problems and hopes of human life." An opportunity has been provided for achieving this purpose.

(REV.) J. A. PANUSKA, S.J.
Provincial

The Peace Movement

Nyack, N. Y.

To the Editors: Thank you for Gordon Zahn's article on the future of the Catholic Peace Movement [Dec. 28]. I am in substantial agreement with everything Zahn has to say and I appreciate the attention he pays to the organizations that have been formed to embody pacifism in the Catholic community. As one who has had close experience with them, especially the Catholic Peace Fellowship, I would like to see a fuller description of the actual work that has been done, that is being done, and that is planned, so I thought I would add my two cents worth.

The Catholic Peace Fellowship is an educational service conducted by the Catholic members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. The FOR is 59 years old, a 23,500 member organization of religious pacifists in the United States, affiliated with FOR groups in 29 countries around the world, through an International which has its office and staff in Copenhagen. CPF maintains its own programs and is not subsidized by FOR, which body is elected by the whole membership. Until about eight years ago the FOR was basically a Christian, Protestant organization. Since CPF started about one-third of the new membership has been R.C., consistently, each month. We have a Jewish Peace Fellowship as an integral part of FOR, and we have Buddhist members, secular humanists and indescribables. Membership implies a commitment to our statement of purpose, which includes a commitment to refuse personal participation in any way or to give any sanction that can be withheld from physical, psychological or moral preparation for war.

CPF, then, exists in an ecumenical framework as well as an international framework with a minimum of structure of its own to maintain. Joanne Sheehan does much of the real work of the organization out of 339 Lafayette Street in New York. I am responsible as executive to our board and to the FOR. FOR pays my salary for my work as national program coordinator of FOR, working out of Nyack.

Educational efforts have ranged from the more traditional, itinerating internationally known speakers on nonviolence such as Archbishop Roberts, Lanza del Vasto, Danilo Dolci, making available educational tools designed to communicate, strengthen and develop the Catholic tradition, to more unconventional techniques such as demonstrative action and practical nonviolent resistance to militarism, especially during the Vietnam war. We were the first to organize demonstrations of clergy and laity against the war and took forward roles in innovative nonviolent civil disobedience. As Zahn mentions, we counseled enormous numbers of conscientious objectors and draft resisters, and helped, with Pax especially, to make the right of conscientious objection an issue at Vatican II and in the councils of the United States Catholic Conference. We are now engaged in nonviolent training projects, work to free the political prisoners of South Viet Nam, support for the reconstruction and relief of our pacifist counterparts in Vietnam, and developing methods of peace education for schools, parishes, and community groups. Through our IFOR network CPF is involved in collaborating with our counterparts in Ireland to widen the range of possibilities there. We are attempting to interest Church leaders at all levels in the project of the IFOR, a unique effort called Dai Dong, a holistic and transnational approach to problems of war, energy, the environment, development and rapid social change in the Third World.

We are delighted that at last the "official Catholic peace movement," Pax Christi, now has an affiliate in the United States. American Pax Christi and CPF have every expectation of mutual support and collaboration. We are convinced that the peace movement must act in an orchestrated manner, and transnationally, if there is to be any mature hope of influencing the course of human events for the better. Catholics can add mightily to efforts for peace through developing their own tradition, through CPF and the Fellowship of Reconciliation with pacifists of other traditions around the world, and through Pax Christi with Catholic efforts around the world. We are already collaborating on a small project in Latin America which well might demand more of our attention in the next period.

Thanks to *Commonweal* for giving greater visibility to our work.

THOMAS C. CORNELL
National Secretary
Catholic Peace Fellowship

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: This is supplied as a footnote to Dr. Gordon Zahn's article, "The Future of the Catholic Peace Movement" [Dec. 28]. Pax Christi-USA defines itself as follows: ". . . an association of Catholic pacifists struggling to make Gospel Nonviolence the way of our lives and to permeate the Catholic structure and consciousness with this rich tradition and witness. We strive to deepen the pacifist implication of Christianity and the Gospel call to nonviolence in our own lives through service, and to make this a viable

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option to the poor and oppressed through structural and systemic change. We promote the belief that a true witness for peace is built upon a faithful service to Justice. Membership in Pax Christi-USA is open to those who accept our beliefs, means and goals."

At the founding Assembly in Washington (Oct., 1973) the United Farmworkers movement was endorsed in acclamation, and half of the proceeds of the Assembly went to support their efforts for social justice. A portion of the first Pax Christi publication was dedicated to a moral understanding of the infamous injustice which has entrapped this people who are Catholic with a big C, and who are courageously Nonviolent in more than an academic way.

At a recent meeting of the Pax Christi officers in New York City commitment to the Latin American nonviolent liberation movements (Dom Helder Camara, et al.), was made and I had the honor of representing Pax Christi at Medellin, Colombia in late February at the now famous Medellin Conference. Again, a small faithful Catholic Church struggling in a Gospel way to loosen the hands of North American "development" from their throats.

One of the major focí of Pax Christi will be to put the North American Catholics in touch with pacifism and nonviolence through domestic and international movements, rather than just rhetorically. As in the hope that the membership will feel more than just an academic interest in contemporary history, and will be more international than provincial.

A late spring conference dedicated to a Biblical understanding of pacifism and nonviolence is being set so as not to neglect the biblical/theological depth which will be needed in the ensuing years.

Yearly membership in Pax Christi is $5, and can be obtained by writing: Pax Christi USA, General Secretariat, 1335 N Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. (REV.) EDWARD GUINAN, CSP
National Secretary,
Pax Christi-USA

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

and Loathing on the Campaign Trail how liberal journalists warned him against living in downtown Washington. They didn't write about the crime they knew of. But they spoke passionately about it. He was surprised by this split between public and private worlds.

Mike Wallace on "Sixty Minutes" recently exposed the bribes which newsmen, until recently, often took as a matter of course: paid tickets, paid junkets, paid entertainments. This corruption inherent in expense-account living has not been adequately weighed, not even by those who are quick to expose bribe-taking by cops and politicians.

The world in which journalists live has a kind of unreality. We need the press. But it is a mistake to allow the issues of the left to be defined—as to so high an extent they are—by journalists. When political leaders do not provide critical thinking, of course, journalists (or *someone*) must fill the vacuum. But when the left becomes a journalistic, and not a political, enterprise, a penalty will ultimately be paid. We pay it now.

So the report that New Yorkers are trending "conservative" may be taken with a great grain of salt. What the media call "conservative" is in fact an issue of overwhelming importance to the vast majority of blacks, to a significant majority of liberals, and to a similar majority of (traditionally Democratic) Irish, Jewish, and Italian families. That is, one would think, quite liberal enough.

In *Penthouse* recently, Jimmy Breslin was asked how he, an Irish Catholic from Queens, could possibly have grown up liberal. Breslin should not have had to explain anything so obvious. Brooklyn has since 1928 been the most liberal borough in the entire nation, and Queens has not been far behind. Where else did Roosevelt and every other liberal politician look for their enormous majorities? (Where *do* journalists get their understanding of "liberal"?)

The meaning of "liberal" has shifted in the last few years, of course. Not even Breslin, Hamill, and Flaherty keep the world of media people close to the people of Queens and Brooklyn (or close to their liberal Democratic cousins in the other urban centers of the land). The forces of "liberalism" have lost their touch with reality. Conservatives inherit, even by default, what liberals neglect. Ignoring Mike and Steve Adubado in Newark, for example, the liberal press has given us Anthony Imperiale. And countless people of the left who face reality have to accept being looked upon as conservatives, even when they are not.

In the long run, reality wins out over ideology. But the present situation is a tragedy for the American left. The American right is very far indeed from helping working-class people. Many live as if in limbo, trying to build a more intelligent and realistic left, invoking for the right "Pox take 'em."

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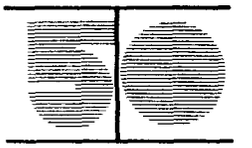

INDICATIVE OF THE change in the American religious climate which has taken place in the past fifty years is Terence Cardinal Cooke's appearance in the pulpit of New York's St. Thomas Episcopal Church, January 20th, his blessing of a stained glass window in the church portraying John XXIII, and his congratulating the church on its 150th Anniversary.

It was not always so. In 1925, at the time of *Commonweal*'s first February issue, a fifteen-million-dollar drive for the construction of the Episcopal Cathedral of the St. John the Divine was in progress. In advising Catholics that to contribute would encourage the spread of heretical religious teachings, *America* magazine expressed a sentiment typical of the times. On the other hand *Commonweal* Editor Michael Williams disagreed. He held that "the more people of all beliefs properly cooperate to help each other in matters having to do with religious and social service, the more peace, tolerance and general friendliness there will be."

At the same date back then, *Commonweal*'s lead editorial was faulting the *Christian Century* for an article which began "Those who observe and ponder cannot be oblivious to the menace to American institutions and American ideals of civil and religious liberty in the Roman Catholic Church."

Now, the editors of *Christian Century* for December 5, 1973, in a "*Toast to Commonweal*," congratulate its editors, whom they recognize as "colleagues in the attempt to represent an informed Christian humanism in the world of letters and public affairs." On this encouraging ecumenical note we urge you to send for a trial subscription.

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